



¶ All suche Psalmes
 of Dauid, as Tho
 mas Steraholde late
 Grome of the kin
 ges Maiesties Robes,
 dyd in hys lyte tyme
 drawe into Eng-
 lyshe metre.

¶ Imprinted by Ed-
 vvard vvhitchurch.

¶ Cum priuilegio ad
 imprimendum
 solum.

38

4

By my

friend & brother

By me William L. ...

George ...

He ...

...

...

UTo the moste noble and ver-
teous king our soueraigne lord king
Edvvard the. vi. Kyng of Englād, Fraunce
and Irelande, defender of the fayth,
and in earth or the church of Englande,
and also of Irelād, the supreme head,

Thomas Sternhold Brome of
hys Maies robes,
wylsh increase of
health, honoure
and felicity.

1548.



Althoughe, moste noble
Soueraigne, the grosse-
nesse of my wytte doethe
not suffyse to searche oute
the secreete misteryes hyd-
den in the Booke of Psalmes, wher-
che by the oppynyon of many learned
men, comprehendeth the effect of the
whole Byble: yet trustyng to y^e good-
nes of God, which hath in hys hand
the keye therof, wherwith shutteth & no
man openeth, openeth and no manne
A.ii. Shutteth

The Preface.

Shutteth, albe it I cā not geue to your
Maiestie great loaues therof, or bzing
into y^e lordes barne ful hādfuls: yet
to the intēt I wold not appeare in y^e
haruest vtterly ydle & baraine, being
warned wth the exāple of y^e dye fygge
tree, I am bold to present vnto your
Maiesty, a fewe crummes whychē
I haue picked vp frō vnder y^e lordes
boarde and am glad wyth the pooze
woman Ruth, the Moabite, to come
behind, & gather a fewe eares of corne
after the reapers, renderyng thākes
to almyghty god, that hath appoyne-
ted vs such a Kyng and gouernour,
that forbiddeth not lay mē to gather
& leaze in the lordes haruest, but ra-
ther cōmaundeth the reapers to cast
out of theyr handefulles among vs,
that we may boldly gather wythout
rebuke: perceiuing also that your Ma-
iestie hath so searched the fōūtainēs
of the Scriptures, thāt yet beyngē
younge, you vnderstande them better
then

The Preface

thē many Elders, & very meane to at-
tain to & perfect gouernment of this
your Realme to goddes glorie, the
prosperitie of the publique wealth, &
to the comfort of al your Maiesties
subiectes. Seyng further that your
tender and godly zeale doth more de-
lyght in the holy songes of veritye,
thē in any fayned rymes of vanitye,
I am encouraged to trauail further
in the sayd booke of Psalmes: trustig
that as your grace taketh plesure to
heare thē song sometimes of me, so ye
wyl also delight, not onely to se and
reade them your selfe, but also to cō-
maunde them to be song to you of o-
thers: that as ye haue the Psalme it
selfe in your mynde, so ye may iudge
mine endeuour by your eare. And if I
may perceiue your Maiestie wyllig-
ly to accept my wyl herein, wher my
doing is no thāke worthi, & to fauor
so this my beginning, that my labor
be acceptable in perfourming & resy-

A.iii.

due,

The p̄face.

Due, I shal endeouour my self with diligence, not onely to enterpryse that which better lerned ought moze iustly to do, but also to performe ȳ wythout fault, which your Maiestie wyl receyue with iust thanke. The lord of earthly kynges, geue your grace Dayly encrease of honour & vertue: & fulfyll al your godly requestes in hym, wythout whose gyfte we haue oz can obtayne nothinge.

A M E N.

¶ Psalmes of of David in Meter.

Beatus vir. psalm. i

Both happre be the ryghteous men
thys psalme declareth playne
And how the wayes of wycked men
be dampnable and bayne.

THe mā is blest y^e hath not gone
by wycked rede astraye
He sate in chayre of pesylence
nor walkt in spinners way.

But in the lawe of god the lord
doeth set hys whole delyght
And in that lawe doeth erect hys
hym selfe both day and nyght

And as the tree that planted is
fast by the ryuer syde
Even so shall he bring forth his frute
in hys due tyme and tyde

Hys lease shall neuer fal awaye
but flozyshe styl and stande

A.iii. That

psalms of dauid

Eche thing shal prosper wonderous
that he doth take in hand (well

So shal not the vngodly do
they shalbe nothyng so
But as the dust whych fro the erth
the wyndes dryue to and fro.

Therefore shal not the wycked me
in iudgement stand byryght
Ne yet in counsel of the iust
but shalbe voyde of myght

For why, the way of godly men
vnto the Lord is knowne
And eke the way of wycked men
shall quite be ouerthrowne.

Quare fremuerunt. psal. ii.

How beathē kynges dyd Chyrt withstand
yet he was kyng of all
And of the counsell that he gaue
to kynges terrestriall.

Why dyd the Sētyls fret & fume
What rage was in the p^r braine
Why did the Jewish people muse
on matters that were vayne

The

In merer:

The kinges & rulers of the earth
stode by and dyd conuent
Against the lord and christ his sonne
whiche he among vs sent

Shal we be bound to the say they
let all theyr bondes be broke
And of theyr doctrine and theyr law
let vs reiect the yoke

But he that in the heuen dwelth
theyr doynges wyl deride
And make them al as mocking stoc
throughtout y world so wyde (kes
For in his wrath y lord wil speake
to them vpon a daye
And in hys fury trouble them
and then the lord wyl say

Of him was I appointed kyng
vpon hys holy hyl
To preache the people hys preceptes
and to declare hys wyl

For in this wyse the lord him self
dyd say to me I wotte
Thou art my deare and only sonne
to daye I the begotte

All

psalmes of dauid

All people I shall geue to the
as eyres at thy request
The endes and coastes of al the erth
by the shall be possesst

Thou shalt them rule & gouerne al
and breake them lyke a god
As thou woldest breake an earthen
euen wyth an yron rod. (pot

Now ye O kinges and rulers al
be wyse therfore and learnde
By whom the matters of the world
be iudged and discernde

Se that ye serue the lord aboue
in tremblynge and in feare

Se that with reuerence ye reioyce
to hym in lyke manere

Se that ye kysse and eke embrace
hys blessed sonne I saye
Lest in hys wroth ye peryshe all
and wander from hys way

For whan his wroth ful sodaynly
shall kyndle in hys brest
Then all that put theyr trust in him
shall certaynly be blest.

Domine

In meter:
Domine quid multiplicati, psa. iiii

The passyon here is figured
and howe Christ rose agayne
So is the churche and saythful men
they? trouble and they? payn

O Lord how many do increase
and trouble me ful sore
.. .. How manye say vnto my soule
god wyl hym saue no more

But thou O lord arte my defence
when I am hard bestead

My worshyp & myne honour both
and thou holdest vp myne head

And wyth my voyce vpon the lord
I do both call and crye
And he out of hys holy hyll
doeth heare me by and by.

I layd me downe and quyetly
I slept and rose agayne
For why, I knowe assuredlye
the Lord wyl me sustayne.

Ten thousand men haue copast me
yet am I not afrayde

For

psalmes of dauid

For thou art styl my lord my god
my sauyour and myne ayde

Thou smytest al thynne enemyes
euen on the hard cheke bone
And thou hast broken al the teeth
of eche vngodly one

Saluacion only doth belong
to the O lord aboue
Bestowe therfore vpon thy folke
thy blessing and thy loue.

Cum inuocarem. psal.iiii

God heard the prayer of the church
mennes vanytyes are thente.
Wyth sacryfye of ryghteousnes
the Lord is best content.

O God thou art my righteousness
lorde heare me when I call
Thou hast set me at lybertye
when I was bound and thral

O mortal men how long wyl ye
the glory of god despyse
Why wander ye in vanytye
and folow after lyes

Knowing that good and godly me
the

In Agette.

the lord doth take and chuse
And whē to him I make my plaint
he doth me not refuse

Sinne not, but stād in awe therfore
exampne well thyne hart
And in thy chamber quyetly
thou shalt thy selfe conuert

Offer to god the sacryfyce
of ryghteousnes I say
And loke that in the luyng lord
thou put thy trust alway (Des

The greater sort craue worldli goo
and ryches do embrace
But lord graūt vs thy countenaūce
thy fauour and thy grace

Wherwith thou shalt make al our
more ioyful & more glad (hartes
Than they that of thy corne & wyne
ful great encrease haue had

In peace therfore lye downe wyl I
takng my rest and slepe
For thou art he that onely doest
all men in safetie kepe.

Verba mea auribus, psal, v

The

Psalmes of dauid

The Church doeth praye and prophete
that god doeth not regarde
Lycers and bloudye Scismatikes
but good men haue rewarde.

Ponder my wordes o lord aboue,
my study lorde consyder
And heare my voyce my kynge my
to the I make my prayer (God
Lord thou shalt heare me cal bety
for I wyl haue respect (me,
My prayer earely in the mozne
to the for to direct

And onely the I wyl beholde,
thou art the god alone
That is not pleasde with wickednes
and yll in the is none

And in thy syght ther shal not stand
these fypous fooles O lord
Wayne workers of iniquyte
of the shalbe abhorde

The lycers and the flatterers
thou shalt destroy them than
And thou wilt hate the bloudthirsty
and the Deceytful man.

But

In Metre.

But I wyl come into thy house
trustyng vpon thy grace
And reuerently wyl worshyp the
toward thyne holy place.

Lord leade me in thy righteousness
for to confound my foes
And eke the way that I shal walke
before my face dysclose.

For in their mouthes ther is no tru
theyr hart is foule and vaine (th
Theyr throte an open sepulchre
theyr tongues do glose and fayne.

Condempne them & their counsels al
let theyr deuyse decaye
Subuert the in their heapes of sinne
for they dyd the betraye

But those þ put theyr trust in the
let them be glad alwayes
And render thankes for thy defence
and geue thy name the prayse

For thou wyth fauour folowest
the iust and ryghteous still
And with thi grace as with a shield
Defendest hym from yll.

Domine

Psalmes of Dauid
Domine ne in furore. psalm. vi

The troubled soule with synne opprest
on God for grace doeth call
Though he sometyme turne backe his face
from fapth it doth not fall

(no 2)
Horde in thy wozath reprove me
though I deserue thyne pze
Ne yet correct me in thy rage
O Lord I the desyre

For I am weake, therfore O lord
of mercy me forbear.
And hele me lord, for why þ knowest
my bones do quake for feare

My soule is troubled very sore
and vexed vehemently
But lord how long wylt thou delay
to cure my myserie

Lord turne the to thy wöted grace
my sely soule vp take

Oh saue me, not for my desertes
but for thy mercyes sake

For why, no man among the dead
remembreth the one whitt

But

In more
O: who that worlhypp the, O lord th
in the infernall pytte:

So greuous is my plaint & mone
that I waxe wonderous faynte
And walke my bed wheras I touche
wyth teares of my complaynt

My beautie fadeth cleane away
wyth angurthe of myne hart
For feare of those that be my foes
and would my soule subuert.

But now away from me all ye
that worke iniquyte
For why the lord hath heard & voice
of my complaynt and crye

He heard not onely the request
and prayer of myne hart.
But it receaued at my hande
and toke it in good parte.

And now my foes that vexed me
the Lord wyl lone defame
And sodaynly confound them all
to theyr rebuke and shame.

Domine deus meus in te, psal. vii

B. i.

The

Plahmes of Dant.

The church against her foes to god
hit sufferance both declare
The wicked which wold worke dysceits
are trapt in theyr owne snare.

O Lord my god, I put my trust
and confydence in the.
Saue me frō thē that me pursue
and eke and delyuer me.

Left lyke a lyon they deuoure,
my soule in pieces small
Whyles ther is none to succour me
and ryd me out of thzall

O lord my god yf I haue done
the thyng that is not ryght
Or els yf I be founde in synne
or gyltpe in thy syghte

Or haue rewarded yll for yll
to those that harmed me:

Or rashely robbe myne enemye
wyth great extremptye

Than let my foes pursue my soule
and eke my lyfe downe thrust
Vnto the earth, and also lay
myne honour in the dust.

In mette

Yf not, stert by lord in thy wozath
and put my foes to payne
Perfourme thy vengeance promised
to such as me dysdayne

And that thi flocke may come to the
and know the by thys thyng
Exalt thy selfe in Maiestye
as theyr chiefe lorde and kyng

That art reuenger of al folke
O lorde reuenge thou me.
Accordyng to my ryghteousnes
and myne integritee

Lord cease the hate of wicked me
and be the iust mans gyde
By whom the secretes of all hartes
are searched and discryde

I take my helpe to come of god
in al my grieve and smarte
That doth preserve al those that be
of pure and perfect harte.

For god a ryght reuenger is
and pacyent wyth hys power
He threatheth styll yet we prouoke
hys vengeance every houre

Yf

B.ii.

And

Isaiaes of dauid

And yf we wyl not turne to hym
the lord wyl than begynne
hys sword to whet, his bow to bend
and strike vs for our synne

He wyl prepare his killing tooles
and sharpe his arrowes prest
To strike and pierce wyth violence
the persecutours breste

For why the wicked trauailed
in myschiefe men to cast
Conceiued sorow and brought forth
vngodly fraude at last

And digde a caue and cast it vp
in hope to hurt hys brother
But he shall fall into the pyt
that he digde vp for other

Thus wrong returneth to the hurte
of hym in whom it bred
And al þe mischief that he wrought
shall fall vpon hys head

I wil geue thākes to god therfore
that iudgeth ryghtwysely
And w my song shal prayse thī name
of hym that is most hye.

Domine

In meter
Domine dominus. psal. viii

Gods glory is so great in earth
that babes do it declare
So both the state of man, to whom
all creatures subiecte are.

In earth O lord how wonderfull
is thy great maiestye

That listeth vp thi laude & praise
aboue the heauens hye (bes

For why y^e mouthes of suckinge ba
thyne honour do dysclose

Thou makest infantes ouercome
thy myghtye mortal foes

And when I se the heauens hygh
the woꝝkes of thyne owne hande

The Sunne, the Moone, and al the
in ordꝛe as they stand (starres

What thig is mā, lord think I thā
that thou doest hym remember

O what is mans posteritye
that thou doest it consyder

For thou hast made hym litle lesse
then Angels in degree

And thou hast crowned hym at last

B.iii. wpyth

psalmes of dauid,
with glozy and dignitie

Thou hast p̄fard him to be lord
of al thy woꝝkes of wonder
And at hys fete hast set al thynges
that he shuld kepe them vnder

All shepe & neate and al beastes els
that in the fyeelde do fede
Foules of the ayre, fyssh in the sea
and all that therein brede

Therfore must I say once agayne
O Lorde, that art our lorde
Howe famous is thy maiestye
esteemed thzough the world

Conticebor tibi. psalm, ix.

The saythful geue great thanks to god
foꝝ that he doth destroy
Therz enemyes al, and helpe the poore
that none doth them annoye.

O Lord wyth all my hart & mynd
I wyl geue thanks to the
And speake of al thi woderous woꝝ
vnsearcheable of the (kes

I wyl be glad and moche reioyce
in the O god most hye

And

In meter

And make my ſonges extol thy name
aboue the ſtarrye ſkye

For that my foes are driuen backe
and turned vnto flyght

They fal down flat and are deſtroyed
by thy grat force and myght

Thou haſt reuenged al my wzog
my grefe and al my grudge

Thou doeſt w iuſtice heere my cauſe
moſt lyke a ryghteous iudge

Thou doeſt rebuke the heathē folke
and wycked ſo confounde

That afterwarde the memorye
of them can not be founde

The force and weapon of thy foes
thou takeſt cleane away

When cities were deſtroyed by the
theyr name dyde ke decaye

But euermore in dygnitye
the lord doth rule and raygne
And in the ſeate of equitye
true iudgement doth maputayne.

With iuſtice he doth kepe and gyde
the worlde and euery wight

B.iiii.

Wpth

With conscience and with equitie
he yeldeth folke their ryght

He is protector of the pooze
what tyme they be opprest
He is in all aduersityte
theyr refuge and theyr rest

All they that know thy holy name
therfore do trust in the
For thou forsakest not theyr suite
in theyr necessitye.

Sing psalmes therfore vnto þ lord
that dwelth in Syon hyll
Publysh among the people playn
hys counsels and hys wyll

For he is myndful of the bloude
of those that be opprest
And printeth styl þ pooze mā's plaint
wythin hys blessed brest

And though my foes do trouble me
thy mercy doth remaine
Yea, frō the gates of death, O lord,
thou raysest me agayne

In Syon that I shuld set forth
thy prayse wyth hart and voyce

And

In Metre.

And that in thy saluacyon Lorde
my soule shuld much reioyce

Whan heathen folke fall in þe pyt
that they them selues prearde
And in the net that they do set
theyr owne fete synde the snarde

Thus when ye se the wicked mā
lye trapt in hys owne warke
God sheweth his iudgmēt which we
for worldly mē to marke. (re good

The wycked & the synful men
go downe to hell for euer
And al the people of the world
that wyl not god remembre

But sure the lord wyl not forget
the pooze mans gryefe and payne
The pacyent people neuer loke
for helpe of god in vayne

Than lord arise lest men preuaile
that be of worldly myght
And let the heathen folke receyue
theyr iudgement in thy syght. (De

Lord stryke such terror feare & dre
into the hartes of them

That

Psalmes of Dauid
That they maye know assuredly
they be but mortall men.

Vt quid Domine. psal. x.

This psalme doth shew þe greuous playne
of an afflicted mynde
And setteth out the wycked woꝝkes
of persecutours blynde.

What is þe cause that thou O lord
art now so farre fro thyne
And kepest close thy countenaunce
from vs thys troublous tyme

The pooꝛe doth perysh by þe pꝛoude
and wycked mens desyre
Let them be taken in the craft
that they them selues conspire

For of the lust of hys owne harte
thungodly man doeth boast
And prayseth moch the couetous
whom God abhorreth most

Thungodlye is so pꝛoude that he
of god accompteth nought
He wyll not cal on God to know
hys counsell and hys thoughte (es
But walketh wꝛōg, for lord thi was
be

In metre.

be farre out of hys syght
Wherfore he runneth to reuenge
his enemyes with dispyght.

And thus he sayth vnto hym selfe
as one deuoyde of grace.

I wyl let slip no tyme, quod he
when malyce may take place

Hys mouth is ful of cursednes
of fraude, disceite and gyle
Under his tongue doth sorow syt
and trauayle al the whyle

He lyeth hyd in secreete stretes
to slea the innocent
Against the poore that passe hym by
hys cruell eyes are bent

And lyke a Lyon pryuely
lyeth lurking in hys denne
Yf he may snare them in hys nettes
to spoyle poore symple men.

And for the nones ful craftely
he croucheth downe that they
By colour of hys humblenes
maye sone become hys praye

Thus he god forgetteth this saith he
therfore

Psalmes of dauid
therfore may I be holde
His countenaunce is cast asyde
he doth it not beholde

Aryse O lord, O god in whom
the pooze mans hope doth rest
Lift vp thyne hand, forget not lord
the pooze that be opprest

What blasphemy is thys to the
lord doest not thou abhorre it
To heare the wicked in their hartes
say tushe thou carest not for it

But thou seest al this wickednes
and wel doest vnderstande
That frendles and pooze fatherles
are leste into thy hande

Of wycked and malicyous men
than breake the power for euer
That they wyth theyr iniquitie
may peryshe altogether

For thou doest raigne for euermore
as lord and god alone
But al the heathen of the earth
shall peryshe euerychone

Lord hearkē to y^e pooze mē's playnt
theyr

In mettr

theyr prayer and request (ght
Geue eare to that, that þ haste wrou
wythin the pooze mans brest

Reuenge the pooze and fatherles
and helpe them to theyr ryght
That they may be no more opprest
wyth men of worldly myght.

In domino confido psal. xi,

Though faythfull men that trust in God
be here in earth opprest
Yet he from heauen seeth theyr grieve
and doth prepare them rest.

I Trust in god, how dare ye than
say thus my soule vntyl
.. Flee hence as fast as any foule
and hyde the in thyne hyl

Behold þ wicked bend their bowes
and make their arowes prest
To shote in secreete, and to hurte
the sounde and harmelesse brest

That they may bryng al godlines
to ruyne and decaye
For as for iust and ryghteous men
what can they doe or say

But

Psalmes of dauid

But he that in hys temple is
most holy and most hye
And in the heauen hath hys seate
of royall maiestye

The pooze and simple mans estate
consydereth in his mynd
And searcheth out full natowly
the maners of man kynde

And with a cherefull countenaunce
the ryghteous man doth vse
But in hys hart he doth abhorre
al such as myschefe muse

And on the synners casteth snares
as thyeke as any rayne
Of tēpestes, stormes, and brimstone
appointed for theyr paine (fyres)

Ye se then how a righteous god
doth ryghteousnes embrace
And vnto truth and equitie
sheweth forth his pleasaunt face

Saluum me fac domine. psa. xii

The want of good men is bewailde
yll tongues are threathed sore
Gods word is true, who sayth he wyll
the pooze to ryght restore,

helpe

In metter.

Helpe lord, for good & godly mē
do perishe and decay (men
And faith & truth fro worldly
is parted cleane away

Whoso doth with his neighbor talk
hys talke is all but bayne
For every hart bethynketh how
to flatter, lye and fayne

But flattering and deceitful lippes
and tongues that be so stoute
To speake proud thynges against the
the lord wyl sure cut out (lord

Yet say they stil, we wyl preuaile
our tongues shall vs extolle

Our tōges ar ours, we ought to spe
what lord shal vs controlle (ake

But for the great cōplaynt & crye
of poore and men opprest

Arpie wyl I now sayeth the lorde
and helpe them all to rest

Gods word is lyke to syluer pure
that from the earth is tryde
And hath no lesse then seven tymes
in fyre bene purifide.

Howe

psalmes of dauid

Now since thy promise is to helpe
Lord kepe thy promise then
And saue vs from the curse dnes
of thys pll kynde of men

For now the wicked world is ful
of myschiefes manyfolde
When vanytie with mort al men
so hyghly is extolde.

Vsquequo domine psal. xlii

Though god sometime seme to forget
thaffliction of the iust
At hym alone they seke releyse
and in hys mercy trust.

Now long wilt y forget me lord
shal I neuer be remembred
How long wilt thou thy bysage hide
as though thou were offended

In hart & mynd how long shall I
wyth care tormented be
How longe ke shal my deadly foe
thus tryumphe ouer me

Behold me now my lord my God
reliene me wyth thy breath
Lyghten myne eyes in soch a wyse
that

In euer.

that I slepe not in death.

Least thus mine enemy say to me,
behold I do preuayle
Least they also that hate my soule,
reioyce to see me quayle.

But from the mercy of the lord,
my hope shall neuer starte
In whose relief and sauing helth,
right ioyefull is my harte.

Who dealt with me so louingly,
that I haue cause to synge
In prayse of hys most holy name,
that is most myghty kynge.

Dixit insipiens. psalm. xliii

The wycked saye there is no God,
manes workes are all infecte
Verye they shall they that trust therein
grace saue the electe.

There is no god as foolish men
affyrme in theyr mad moode
Their study is corrupt & vayne
not one of them doth good.

The lord behelde from heauē high,
the maners of mankynde

C. i.

And

138
138 Salmes of dauid

And saw not one that sought about;
his lyuing God to fynde.

They went al wyde & were corrupt
and truely there was none
That in the world dyd any good,
I saye there was not one:

Did they knowe god or worship hi;
that were so swiftly lead
My people to deuoure and spoyle,
and eate them by lyke bread:

But they shal fele a fearefull tyme,
when God shal say to them
Standing among the company,
of good and righteous men.

Ye mockt the counsel of the pooze,
on God when they dyd call
But they dyd put theyr trust in god,
and he dyd helpe them all.

But who shal geue thy people helth
and when wilt thou fulfyll
The promyse made to Israel,
from oute of Syon hyll:

And turne theyr thral to lybertie,
in bond that longe are lad:

That

In metre.

That Jacob may therein reioyce
and Israel may be glad

Domine quis habitabit, psal. Xv

To those that leade a godly lyfe
the lord doeth promysse rest
The fruytes of theyr vnfayned sayth
are lyuely here exprest.

O Lord wythin thy tabernacle
who shall inhabyte styll
.. .. Or who wylt þy recrease to rest
in thy most holy hyll

The man whose life is vncorrupt,
whose woorkes are iust & streyght
Whose hart doth speake þy very truth
whose tonge doth no disceypt.

For to his neyghboz doth none yll
in body, goodes or name
He seketh not to bring his frend,
to take rebuke and shame.

That in his hart regardeth not
malicious wicked men
But those that loue & feare the lord,
he maketh moch of them.

Hys othe and all hys promyses

C.ii.

that

psalmes of dauid
that kepeth faythfully
Al though he make his couenaunt so
that he doeth lose thereby.

That putteth not to vsurpe,
hys money and his coyne
He for to hurt the innocent,
doeth brybe or els purloine.

Who so doth al thing as ye see,
that here is to be done
Shall neuer petishe in thys world,
nor in the worlde to come.

Conserua me domine, psa.xvi

We nede no bloudy sacrifice,
Christ once for all was slayne
And rose agayne from death and hell,
they could hym not retayne.

LORDE kepe me for I trust in the,
and do confesse in dede
Thou art my god and of my good,
O lorde thou hast no nede.

I geue my goodnes to the saintes,
that in the world do dwell
And namely to the faythful flocke
in vertue that excell



in metre

As for theyr bloudy sacryfice,
and offrynges of that kynde
I wyl haue none, nor yet theyr name
for to be had in mynde.

For why the lord the portion is
of myne inheritaunce:
And he it is that wyl restore,
to me my lot and chaunce.

The place wherin my lot dyd fall,
in beautye dyd excell

Myne heritage assinde to me,
doeth please me wondrous well.

I thake the lord that counseled me,
to vnderstande the ryghte
By whose adurpse I seke remorse
of consciencie in the night.

I set the lord before myne eyes,
and trust hym ouer all

And he doth stand on my right hand
least I might happely fall.

Wherfore my hart is very glad,
my glozy moch increaste

That at the last I shalbe sure
my fleshe in hope shall reste.

C.iii.

Thou

psalmes of dauid

Thou wilt not leaue my soule in
for lord thou louest me (hell
For yet wyle geue thine holy one
corruptyon for to se.

But rather to the path of lyfe
wilt gladly me restore.
For at thy ryght hand is my ioy,
and shalbe euermore.

Exaudi domine. psal. xvii.

Gods church mans doctrine doth despyte
bys worde alone to truste
The worldly wyshe none other welth,
but here to lyue at lust.

O Lord heare out my right request
attend when I cōplayne (forth
And heare my pzaier that I put
wyth lyppes that do not fayne
And let the iudgemēt of my cause
procede alway from the
For thou doest ponder and perceyue,
what thyng is equytee.

Search out and trye me in ȝ night
and thou shalt nothyng fynde
That I haue spokē wyth my tōgue,
No that

An metre

And in perfourmaunce of the same
there shalbe great rewarde

But lord, what erthly mā doth kno
how oft he doeth offend. (We

Thā cleanse my soule frō secret sinne
my lyfe that I may mende

And kepe me ȳ p̄sūptuous sinnes
p̄uayle not ouer me

And than shall I be innocent
and great offences flee

Accept my mouth and eke my harte
my wordes and thoughtes ech one
For my redeimer and my strength
O lord thou art alone

Exaudiat te deus. psal. xx.

As god p̄serue Chyſt hys sonne
in trouble and in thral
So when we call vpon the lord,
he wyl p̄serue vs all

In trouble and aduersyte,
the lord wyl heare the styl
The maiestie of Jacobs god,
wyl the defend from yll

And send the from hys holy place
hys

108
Psalmes of dauid

hys helpe at euery nede

And so in Syon stablyshe the,
and make the stronge in dede.

Remembryng well the sacrifice,
that thou to hym hast done
And doth receaue right thankfully
thyne offeringes eueryche one.

According to thy hartes desyre,
the Lord wyl geue to the
And all thy counsel and deuysse,
full wel perfourme wyl he.

In thy saluation we reioyce
and magnifye the lorde
That thy petitions and request,
preserued wyth hys worde,

The lord wyl hys annoynted saue
I know well by hys grace
And send him helth fro his right hand
out of hys holy place.

In charettes some put confydence,
and some in horses trust
But we remembre God our lorde,
that kepeth promyse iust.

Thei fal down flat, but we do ryse,
and

In metre
and stand by stedfastly
Now saue & help vs lord and kyng,
on the when we do crye.

Domine in virtute. psal. xxi

T Chykses kingdom here he doth describe,
wyth hys eternall power
all that ryle by hym to respyce
hys ryghte hande shall deuoure.

O Lord how ioyful is the king,
in thy strength & thy power?
How vehemently he doth reioyce,
in the hys sauour.

For thou haste geuen vnto him,
hys godly hartes desyre
To hym hast thou nothyng denyde
of that he dyd requyre.

Thou didst preuent him wth thy gifts
and blessinges manyfolde
And thou hast set vpon his head,
a crowne of perfyte golde.

And whan he asked lyfe of the,
therof thou madest hym sure
To haue long lyfe, yea soch a lyfe
as euer should endure.

Great

psalmes of David

Great is hys glory by thy helpe,
thy benefyte and ayde:
Great worlthp & great honour both,
thou hast vpon hym layde.

Thou wilt geue him felicitie,
that neuer shal decaye
And wyth thy chereful countenance
wylt comfort hym alwaye.

For why y king doth strongly trust
in god for to pꝛeuayle
Therefore hys goodnes & hys grace,
wyl not that he shal quayle.

But let thine enemies fele thy force,
and those that the wythstande
Fynd out thy foes and let them fele,
the power of thy right hande

And like an ouen burne them lord,
in fyrie flame and fume
Thine angre wyl destroy them al,
and fyre wyl them consume.

And thou wilt rote out of the erth,
theyꝛ fruyte that shuld encrease
And from the number of thy folke,
theyꝛ sede shal ende and cease.

In metre

Foꝛ why moche mischiefe dyd they
against thy holy name (muse,
Yet did they fayle & had no power,
foꝛ to perfourme the same.

Therfoꝛ shalt þy right valyantly
put them to flyghte and chase
And charge thy bowstringes redely,
agaynst thyne enemies face.

Be thou exalted loꝛde therfoꝛ,
in thy strength euery houre
So shal we sing ryght solemnely,
praying thy might and power.

Ad te domine leuau. psal. xxv,

¶ Foꝛ ayde agaynst her enemyes,
the faythfull Church doeth praye
Foꝛ patience in aduersytie,
and foꝛ the perfecte waye.

I Lyfte myne hart to the,
my god and gyde most iuste
Now suffre me to take no shame,
foꝛ in the do I truste.

Let not my foes reioyce,
noz make a scoꝛne of me
And let them not be ouerthꝛowen,
that

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that put theyr trust in the.
Confounded are all soche,
whose doynges are but vayne
O lord therfore thy pathes & wayes
Declare vnto me playne.

Dyrect me in thy strength,
and teache me I the praye
Thou art my god and sauoure,
that helpest me euery daye.

Thy mercyes manyfolde,
I pray the Lord remembre
And eke thy pytie plentifull,
that doth endure for euer.

Remembre not the faultes,
and frayltie of my youth
Remembre not how ignoraunt,
I haue bene of thy trueth.

Noz after my desertes,
let me thy mercye fynde
But of thyne owne benigne,
Lorde haue me in thy mynd.

Hys mercy is full swete
hys trueth the perfect waye
Therfore the lord wil geue a lawe.

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In meter

to them that go astraye.

For all the wayes of God,
are trueth and mercy both
To them that seke his testament,
the wytnesse of hys troth.

Now for thy holy name,
O Lorde I the intreate
To graunt me pardon for my synne,
for it is wonderous great.

Who so doeth feare the lord,
the lorde doeth hym directe
To leade hys lyfe in soch a waye,
as he doeth best accepte.

Hys soule shall euermore,
in goodnes dwell and stande
Hys sede and hys posteritie,
inherit shall the lande.

To those that feare the Lorde,
he is a fyrmamente
And vnto them he doth declare,
hys wyl and testament.

My eares and eke my harte,
to hym I wyl aduaunce
That pluckt my fete oute of þe snare,

D.i.

of

Isaies of dauid.
of woylfull ignoraunce.

Wp̄th mercy me beholde,
to the I make my mone
For I am pooze and solytarie,
comfortlesse alone.

The troubles of mine hart,
are multiplied in dede
Bring me out of thys myserye,
necessitie and nede.

Beholde my pouertie,
myne anguishe and my payne
Remit my synne and myne offence,
and make me cleane agayne.

O lord behold my foes,
how they do styll increase
Pursuyng me with deadly hate,
that fayne wolde lyue in peace.

Preserue and kepe my soule,
and eke delyuer me
And let me not be ouerthrowen,
because I trust in the.

The iust and innocent,
by me do stycke and stande
Because I loke for to receaue,

In meter

my succour at thy hande.

Delyuer lordē thy folke,
that be of thy beliefe

Delyuer Lordē thyne Israell,
from all hys payne and griefe.

Ad te domine clamabo. psal. xxviii

This psalme setteth oute the phariseis,
wyth flatteringe hartes vncleane:
And sheweth how God is all our strength,
by Christ our onely meane.

O Lordē I call to the for helpe,
and yf thou me forsake
I shalbe lykened vnto them,
that fall into the lake.

The voyce of thy suppliaunt heare
that vnto the doeth crye
When I lyft vp my harte & handes,
vnto thy heauens hye.

Repute not me among the sorte,
of wycked and peruertere
That speake ryghte faire vnto theire
& thinke ful yll in hert. (fredeg
According to theyr handy woꝝke,

and they deserue in dede
And after they2 inuentions,
let them receaue they2 mede.

They not regard þe woꝝkes of God,
hys lawe ne yet hys loze
Therfoze wyl he their woꝝkes & the
destroye foꝝ euermoze.

To render thanks vnto the lord,
how great a cause haue I
My voyce, my prayer, & my cōplaint
that heard so wyllyngly.

He is my shield and fortitude,
my buckler in distresse
My hope, my help, my hartes relief,
my song shal hym confesse.

He is our strength and our defence,
 Oure enemies to resyste
 The health and the saluation,
 Of hys electe by Christe.

Thy people and thine heritage,
thy blessed worde pꝛeserue
Extolle thy flock with faithful fode,
that they may neuer swarue.

अहिंसे

In metter

Afferte domino. psal. xxix.

As Dauid dyd the Temple decke,
wyth earthlye Sacrifyce:
So Christs Church wyth spirytuall gyftes,
ye must adorne lykewyse.

Geue to the Lorde ye potentates,
and princes of the worlde
Ye rāmes that grde the chzistē flock,
geue laude vnto the lorde

Geue glozy to his holy name,
and honour hym alone
Worshyp hym in his maiestye,
wythin hys holy thzone.

His voice doth rule the waters al,
euen as him selfe doth please
He doth prepare the thunder clappes
and gouerneth all the seas

Of vertue is the voyce of God,
and wonderous excellent
Of full great purpose and effect,
and moch magnificent.

His voyce doth breake in Libanus
the Cedre trees full longe:

D.iii

which

Whalnes of dauid
Which for their highnes at cōparde
to mighty men and stronge.

Whō god wyl strike w fearefulnes
and make them all as mylde
As calves that come to sacrifice,
or unicornes full wylde.

His voyce deuydeth flames of fyre,
and shaketh the wildernes
He maketh the desert quake for feare
that called is Cades.

His voice doth make y wylde hartes
& maketh the couert plaine (came
And in hys temple every man,
hys glozy doth pzoclayme.

He stayed the rage of ffoes floud,
and stopped the read see
And kepeth his seat as Lord & king
in hys eternitee.

The lord doth geue his people pow
in vertue to increase (er
The lord doth blesse his people eke,
wyt h euerlasting peace.

Beati quorum. p/a. xxxii

God

In metre.

God promyseth saluation,
to the repentaunte harte:
Of hys mere mercie and hys grace,
not for the mans deserte.

The mā is blest whose wickednes
the lord hath cleane remitted:
And he whose synne & wretchednes,
is hyd also and couered.

And blest is he to whom the lord,
imputeth not his synne
Which in his hart hath hyd no gyle
nor fraude is founde therein.

For whyles I kept close my sinne
in sylvence and constraynt
My bones dyd wast & were awaye,
wyth dayly moue and playnt.

For night & daye, thy hand on me,
so grieuous was and smerte
That al my bloud & humours moyst
to dryenes dyd conuerte.

But whē I had confest my faultes
and shroue me in thy syght
My self accusing of my synne,
thou dydst forgeue my quyte.

D.iiii.

Let

psalmes of dauid

Let euery good mā praye therfore,
and thanke the lord in tyme
And thā þ̄ floudes of euyl thoughtes
shal haue no power of hym.

Whan trouble and aduersitie,
do compasse me aboute
Thou art my refuge and my ioye,
and thou doest ryd me oute.

I shal instruct the sayth the Lord,
how thou shalt walke and serue
And bend mine eyes vpō thy wayes,
and so shal the p̄serue.

Be not therfore so ignoraunt,
as is the asse and mule
Whose mouth wout a rayne or bitte
ye can not gyde or rule.

For many be the myseries,
that wicked men sustayne
Yet vnto them that trust in God,
hys goodnes doeth remayne.

Be mery therfore in the Lorde,
ye iust lyft vp your voyce
And ye of pure and perfect hart,
be glad and eke reioyce.

Benedi-

In meter.

Benedicam dominum, psa, XXXiiii

The pꝛophete Dauid pꝛayseth God,
warninge vs to forbear:
from euyl, and exhorteth vs,
to lyue in godly feare.

I wyl geue laude and honoz both,
vnto the Lorde alwayes
And eke my mouth for euermore,
shall speake vnto hys pꝛayse.

I do delight to laude the lord,
in soule and eke in voyce
That symple men that suffre payne,
may heare and so reioyce.

Therfore see that ye magnifye,
with me the luyng Lorde
And let vs now exalte hys name,
together wyth one accorde.

For I my self besought the Lord,
he aunswered me agayne
And me delpyered in continent,
from all my feare and payne.

Who so they be that hym behold,
and shewe hym theyꝝ vnreste
He dasheth not theyꝝ countenaunce,
but

is salmes of dauid
but graunteth theyr request.

Who so in theyr afflictions,
vnto the Lord doeth call
He heareth theyr suite without delay
and ridth them out of thzall.

The Angel of the lord doth pitche,
hys tentes in euery place
To saue al soch as feare the Lord,
that nothyng them deface.

See and consyder well therfore,
that God is good and iuste
And they be blest that put in him,
theyr onely fayth and truste.

Feare ye the lorde his holynes,
aboue all earthly thynge
For they that feare the lyuing lorde
are sure to lacke nothinge.

The mighty & the riche shal want,
yea, thyrst and hungre moch
But as for them that feare the lord,
no lacke shal be to soch.

Come nere therfore my childre dere
and to my worde geue eare
I shal you teache the perfect waye,
How

In merri

hodo you the Lord shulde feare.

Who so would leade a blessed lyfe,
must earnestly deuyse

Hys tonge & lippes from al dysceyt,
to kepe in any wyse.

And turne his face frō doyng yll,
and do the godly dede:

Enguyze for peace and quietnes,
and folow her wyth spede.

For why, the eyes of god aboue,
vpon the iust are bent
Hys eares lyke wise are geuen moch
to heare the innocent.

The lord doth froune & bēd his bzo
vpon the wicked trayne (wes
And cutteth away the memory,
that shuld of them remayne.

But whan the iust do cal and crye,
the Lorde doth heare them so
That out of payne and mysery,
forthwyth he letteth them go.

The Lorde is kynde and mercyful
to soche as be contryte
He saueth also the sorowfull,

the

psalmes of dauid
the meke and pooze in spzyte.
Full many be the mysleries,
that righteous men do suffre
But out of all aduersyties,
the lord doeth them delyuer.

The lord doth so preserue & kepe,
the bones of hys alwaye
That not so moch as one of them,
doeth peryshe or decaye.

The wycked dye ful wretchedly,
they seke none other boote
And those þe hate the ryghteous men,
are pluckt vp by the roote.

But they þe serue the lyuing Lorde,
the Lorde doth saue them sounde
And who that put theyr trust in hym
nothyng shal them confound.

Beatus qui intelligit. psal. xli

The Lorde wyll helpe that man agayne,
that helperh pooze and weak;
The passion here is fygured,
and resurrection eke.

The man is blest that careful is,
the neddy to consyder

In Metre.

Foz in the season perilous,
the lord wyl hym delyuer.

The lord wil make him safe & solid
and happy in the lande
And he wyl not delyuer hym,
into hys enemies hande.

And in his bed when he lyeth syck,
the lord wyl hym restore
And **h** Lord wyl turne to helth,
his sickenes and hys soze.

And in my sickenes thus saye I,
haue mercy lord on me
And heale my soule which is ful wo
that I offended the.

Mine enemies gaue me yll repozte,
and thus of me they saye
When shal he dye that al his name,
may vanishe quyte awaye?

And wher as they go in and out,
foz to beholde and see
Thei muse moch mischief i their hart
what so they sayinges be. (tes

Mine enemies runne against me stil
together on a thronge

To

Psalmes of dauid

To take a counsaile and conspyze,
how they may do me wzonge.

Agreing on a wycked worde,
and do determine playne
Be he destroyed with death say they,
he shall not ryse agayne.

The man eke that I trusted most,
wyth me dyd vse dysceyte
Which ate with me the bred of lyfe
the same for me layd wayte.

Haue mercy lord on me therfore
and let me be preserude
That I may render vnto them,
the thynges they haue deserude.

By thys I knowe assuredly,
to be beloued of the
When mine enemyes haue no cause
to triumphe ouer me.

Because that I am innocent,
lorde strength me I the praye
And in thy presence poynt my place,
where I shall dwell for aye.

The lorde the god of Israell,
be prayesd nowe therfore

Why ch

In Metre.

Which hath bene everlastingly,
and shalbe euermore.

Iudica me. psal. xliii.

The wofull mynde whom wycked men,
would wyth theyr ill infecte:
Doeth call to God for lyght and trueth,
hys steppes for to directe.

I Vnge & defend my cause O Lord,
from those that euill be
From wicked and deceptfull men,
O Lorde deliuer me.

For of my strength thou art the God,
why puttest me the fro:
And why walke I so heauely,
oppressed wyth my fo:

Send out thy light & eke thi truth
and leade me wyth thy grace
Bryng me into thy holy hyl,
and to thy dwellinge place.

That I may to the aulter go,
of God my ioye and there
And on my harpe geue thankes to the
O God, my God most dere.

Why art thou than so sadde my soule,
thus

Psalmes of David
thus troubled and afrayde
Styll trust in god, for yet wyl I
geue thanks to him for ayde.

Deus auribus. psal. xliiii

¶ Gods people shew howe wonderfly,
he holpe theyr fathers olde:
And moche lament that nowe from them,
bys hand he doeth wyth holde.

O Ur eares haue herd our fathers
and reuerently recorde: (tel,
The wondrous workes þy hast done,
in al theyr tyme O Lorde.

How þy didst weede the Gentils out,
and stroyed them with strong hand
Planting our fathers in their place,
and gauest to them theyr lande.

It was not lord our fathers sword
that purchast them that place
It was thy hād, thine arme, thy ly-
thy countenaunce & grace. (ghe,

Thou art the king our god þy holpe,
Jacob in sundry wyse
Lead w thy power we threwe downe
as dyd against vs ryle. (soch,

In meter

We trusted not in bowe nor sword,
they coulde not saue vs sounde
Thou kepest vs frō our enemies rage
thou dydst our foes confounde.

And styl we boast of the our God,
and prayse thy holy name
Yet now þ̃ goest not with our hoast,
but leauest vs to shame.

Wherby we flee befoze our foes,
and so be ouertrode
Yea, killed of heathē folke like shepe
and scattered all abrode.

Thy people þ̃ hast solde like slaues
in open market steepe
For no reward as though they were
of none accompt in dede.

And to our neighbors þ̃ hast made,
of vs a laughinge stocke
And those that round about vs dwell
at vs do grinne and mocke.

The gētils talke, the people scozne
we be ashamed to see
How full of slander and reproche,
our wycked enemies be.

E.i.

For



For all this we forgot not the
nor yet thy couenaunt brake
We turne not back our hartes fro the
nor yet thy pathes forsake.

Yet thou hast trode vs downe to dust,
where dennes of dragons be
And couered vs wyth deadly darke,
and great aduersytie.

And yf we had forgot thy name,
and helpe of ydoles sought
Than hadst thou cause vs to correct,
but lord thou knowest our thought.

And how that for thy sake, O lord,
we be tormented thus
As shepe were to the shambles sent,
ryght so they deale wyth vs.

Up lord why sleepest thou, awake,
and leaue vs not for all
Why hydest thou thy countenaunce,
and doest forget our thrall?

For down to dust our soule is browne
our wōbe to earth doth take (ghyt,
Aryse, helpe, and delyuer vs,
lord for thy mercies sake.

Audite

In metre
Audite hec gentes. psal. xlix.

E though ryche men do oppresse the pooze,
discourage not theresoze:
For baynely trustinge in they? goodes,
they peryshe evermoze.

A people herken & geue eare,
to that, that I shall tell
Both high & low, both riche & pooze,
that in the world do dwell.

For why my mouth shal make dis-
of many thinges right wise (course
In vnderstanding shal my harte,
hys study exercyse.

I wyl encline myne eare to knowe,
the parables so darke
And open all my doubtful speache,
in Metre on my harpe.

The wicked dayes and euyll time,
why shuld I feare and doubte
When the oppressours mischeuous,
do compasse me about?

For some ther be that ryches haue,
in whom they? trust is mozte
And of they? treasures infinite,

E.ii. them

psalmes of dauid

them selues do bragge and boast.

No man can yet by any meane,

hys brothers death redeime

Or make agreement acceptable

unto God for hym.

Or pay the raunsome for his soule
that he may lyue for euer,

And taste of no corruption

thys lyeth in no mans power.

We see that wyse men dye as sone,
as foolishhe men and sonde

And both do leaue to other men

theyr goodes and eke theyr lond.

All though thei build the houses fay
and do determine sure (re

To make their name right greate in
for euer to endure. (erth

We see agayne it is not geuen
wyth ryches to haue reste

But in that poynt a ryche man is
compared to a beast.

This is the folish way they walke
with pompe to get them fame

And al theyr freδες that folow the,
do

In meter

Do moch commende the same.

Whō death will sone deuoure lyke
whē they ar brought to hel (shepe
Then shal the iust in light reioyce
when they in darkenes dwell.

Yet for all this I trust that God
wyl saue my soule from payne
And from all soch infernall power
and comfort me agayne.

Yf any mā ware wonderous ryche
feare not I saye therfore
All though the glozy of his house
encrease th more and more.

For whē he dieth of al these thiges
nothing shal he receaue
Hys glozy wyl not folow hym
hys pompe wyl take her leaue

Yet in this lyfe he taketh him self,
the happiest vnder sunne
And doeth commend al other men
that doeth as he hath done.

But when he shal go to his kind,
where hys forefathers be
He shal hys felowes fynd ful darke,
E.iii, that

Israeles of dauid
that light shall neuer see.

A foolish man whom riches hath
to honour thus p̄fearde
That doth not know & vnderstand,
is to a beast comparde.

Deus deus meus. psal. lxiij

¶ When as Chynges kingdom is oppres
the tyme desyre of God
Aboue all welth that hys pure worde
maye freely come abroad.

O God my god, I watche to come,
to the in all the haste
For why, my soule and body both,
do thyzste of the to taste.

As drought of erth wold water ha-
so I desyre eche houre (ue,
For to behold thy holy house,
thy glory and thy power.

Thy goodnes passeth worldly life,
and these vncertayne dayes
My lippes therfore shal geue to the,
due honour laude and prayse.

And whiles I liue I wil not fayle
to worshyp the al waye
And in thy name I shal lift vp,

my

In meter

my handes when I do praye.

My soule is greatlye satisfide,
and fareth wonders well
Whā þ my mouth with ioyful lippes
thy laude and prayse doeth tell.

Both in my bed I thinke of the,
and in the euening tyde
For vnder couert of thy wynges
thou art my ioyfull gyde.

My soule doth surely sticke to the,
thy right hand is my power
And those þ seke my soule to stroye,
the sword shal them deuoure.

The king and all men shal reioyce,
that do professe Gods worde
For lyers mouthes shal now be stopt
that haue the trueth disturbde.

Exurgat deus. psal. lxxviii

¶ Christes glorious kingdom is declare,
and howe he shuld ascende
The Church throughout the world doth ioye,
the Jewes lame taketh his ende.

¶ Et God arise and than his foes,
wyl turne them selues to flight
C.iiii. Hys

psalmes of dauid.

His enemies thā wil runne abroade
and scatter out of syght.

And as the fire doth melt the ware
and wynd blow smoke awaye
So in the presence of the lorde
the wycked shall Decaye.

But whē the lorde shal come to vs
let ryghteous men reioyce
Let them be glad and mery all
and cherefull in theyr voyce.

And sing out laude vnto the lorde,
hys name to magnifye
That sytteth as a sauour
aboue the starry skye,

That same is he that is aboue,
wythin the holy place
That father is of fatherles
and iudge of weddowes case

That same is he that in one mind,
the houlholde doeth preserve
That bringeth bondmē out of thraldom
when wicked men do sterue.

When þu wentest out in wyldernes,
thy maiestie dyd make

The

In metre.

The earth to quake, the heauens drop
the mount Sinai to shake.

Thine heritage w dropes of grace
full lyberally is weasht.

And whē thy people mourne & plain
by the they be refreshd.

Ther shal thy cōgregation dwell
wher thou doest poynt the place
Yea, for the pooze thou doest prepare
of thyne especiall grace

Thou doest comēd thy word o lord,
and geue thyne holy spyryte
To al that preache thy gospel pure,
thy glozy and thy myght.

Kinges w their hosts shal fle away
thy word shal geue the foyle
The household of the liuing lord
shal than deuyde the spoyle.

Than shall the church be innocente
and whyte as syluer fyne

And in good lyfe more oziently
than beaten gold shali shyne.

Whā he that ruleth erthly kinges,
the earth shall ordze so

Than

Salmes of dauid

Than shall the hyl of Salmon be,
as white as milke oz snowe.

Since Basan is the hyl of God,
and fruyteful euey whyt
Than ye the membris of that hyl,
why hoppe ye out of it?

Sing god is pleased wondrous wel
to dwell wythin this hyl
And therein doeth determine playn,
for to contynue styll.

Whose charrets & his Angells eke,
be thousandes on a thronge
As in his mount of Sinai,
the lord is them amonge.

The lord ascended vp on hye,
and led them bound wyth him
That long before in bondage laye,
of death and deadly synne.

And as a man receaued gyftes,
and gaue them vnto men:
Yea to his foes he gaue his spyte,
that God myght dwell in them.

Now prayled be the lord therfore
and dayly let vs prayse

Our

In meter

Our god that with his benefices,
doeth prosper vs alwayes.

He is the God from whom alone,
saluation cometh playne

He is the God by whom we scape,
from euerlasting payne.

el This god wyl wound his enemies
& breake the heary scalpe (head,
on, Of those that in theyr wyckednes
continually do walke.

ke, Fro Basan wyl I bring sayd he,
my people and my shepe
And all myne owne as I haue done,
from daunger of the depe.

And make the dip their fete in bloud
of those that hate my name

e, And dogs shal haue their tonges em
with licking of the same. (brewed

All men may see how thou, O god,
thyne enemyes doest deface

te, And how thou goest as god & kyng,
into thy holy place.

oze The singers go before with ioye,
the minstrels folow after

Our And

Psalmes of dauid

And in the middest the damselfs play
wyth tymbrell and wyth taber.

Now in the congregations
O Israel prayse the Lorde
And from the bottome of thy hart,
geue thanks with one accorde.

Thy chiefe is lytle Benjamin,
thy counsell Princes bene:
Of Iuda and of zabulon,
and eke of Neptalim.

As god hath geuen power to the
so lorde make fyrm and sure.

The thing that þu hast wrought in vs
for euer to endure.

Thā for thy tēples sake shal kīnges
geue gyftes to the alwayes
Greater then at Jerusalem,
of euerlastinge prayse.

Whē þu shalt wast þu wauering folk
that rage agaynst al ryght
The stoute, the nyce, the money men
and those that loue to fyght.

Than out of Egypt shal they come
that long haue bene full blynde

In meter.

The gentyls than shal reconcytle,
to god theyr synfull mynde.

Than shal the kingdōs of the earth
synge prayles to the Lorde:

That ouer all doeth syt and sende
to vs hys myghty worde.

Therfore the strength of Israell,
ascribē to God on hys
Whose might & power doth farre ex-
aboue the cloudy skye. (tende

Gods holynes is wonderfull,
and dread for euermore
And he wyl geue his people power
prayed be God therfore.

Quam bonus Israell. psal.lxxiii

He wondereth how the foes of God
shoo prospere and encrease
And how the good and godly men
shoo seldom lyue in peace.

How good is God to soch as be
Of pure and perfect harte
Yet slip my fete away frō hym,
my steppes declyne apart.
And why, because I fondely fall,

in

psalmes of dauid

**in enuye and disdayne
That wicked men al thinges enioye
without dyslease oz payne.**

**And beare no yoke vpo their necke,
nor burden on theyr backe
And as for stoz of worldly goodes,
they haue no want oz lacke.**

**And free from all aduersytie,
when other men be shente
And wyth the rest they take no part,
of plague oz punishment.**

**Wherby they be full gloriously,
in pryde so high extolde
And in theyr wzong and violence,
be wzapte so manyfolde.**

**That by abundaunce of their goodes
they please theyr appetite
And do all thinges accordingly,
vnto theyr hartes delyte.**

**All thinges are vyle in their respect
sauing them selues alone
They bragge theyr mischiefe openly
to make theyr power be knownen.**

**The heauens and the lyuing lord,
they**

In Metre.

they care not to blaspheme
And loke what thig thei talke oz say
the world doeth well esteeme.

The flocke therfore of flatterers,
do furnishe vp theyr trayne
For there they be full sure to sucke,
some profyte and some gayne.

Tulke tulke say they vnto the selues
is there a God aboue?
That knoweth & suffreth al this yl,
and wyll not vs reproue?

Lo, ye may see how wicked men,
In ryches styll increase
Rewarded wel with worldly goods
and lyue in rest and peace.

Chan why do I from wyckednes,
my fantasye refrayne?
And wash my hādes with innocents
and cleanse my harte in bayne?

And suffre scourges every day,
as subiect to al blame
And every morning from my youth,
sustayne rebuke and shame?

And I had al most sayd as they,
my flykinge

my fly kinge myne estate
But that I shuld thy chylidren iudge
as folcke vnformate.

Thā I bethought me how I might
thys matter vnderstande
But yet the labour was to great
for me to take in hande.

Vntyl the tyme I went into,
thy holy place and then
I vnderstode ryght perfectly
the ende of all these men.

And namely how thou settest them
vpon a slippery place
And at thy pleasure and thy wyll
thou doest them all deface.

Thā lord how sone do they cōsume
and fearefully decaye (keth

Moch lyke a dreame when one awakes
theyr ymage passeth awaye.

Thus greued was my hart ful sore
my mynd was moch opprest

So fonde was I and ignoraunte
and in thy syght a beast.

Yet neuertheles by any right hand
thou

In Metre.

And he doeth me comfort.

Deliver me I saye,
From lyes lypes alwaye
And tonge of false reporte.

Howe hurtfull is the thyng,
Or els howe doeth it stynge,
The tongne of soch a lper.

It hurteth no lesse I wene,
Then arrowes sharpe and kene,
Of hoate consuming fyre.

Alas to longe I dwell
Wyth the sonne of Ismael,
That Chedar is to name.

By whom the folke elect,
And all of Isaacs sect,
Are put to open shame.

Wyth them that peace dyd hate,
I came a peace to make,
And sette a quyet life.

But when my word was tolde
Causeles I was controlde,
By them that would haue stryfe.

C. i.

Ad

psalmes of dauid
Ad te leuau. psalm. cxxiii.

The poore in spirite wayte for the lord
tyll they some grace attayne.
The proude and welthy phariseys,
the symple folke dy loayne.

O Lord that heauē doest possesse
I lyft myne eyes to the.
Euen as the seruaunt lyfteth hys
hys masters handes to se.

As hadmaides watche her mistres
some grace for to atchieue. (hādes
So we behold the lord our god
tyll he do vs forgeue.

Lord graunt vs thy compassyon
and mercy in thy syght
For we be fylled and overcome
wyth hatred and despyght.

Our mindes be stuffed w great re
the ryche and worldly wise. (buke
Do make of vs theyr mocking stock
the proude do vs despyse.

Beati omnes. psal. cxxviii.

Col

In Metre.

God bleſſeth wyth hys benefites
the man and eke the wyfe
That in his wayes do ryghtly walke
and ſcare hym al theyr lyfe.

Bleſſed art thou that feareſt god
and walkeſt in hys waye
For of thy labour thou ſhalt eate
happy art thou I ſay.

Lyke fruitful vines on the houſe ſp
ſo doth thy wiſe ſpring out (Des
Thy childre ſtād lyke olyue buddes
thy table round about.

Thus art thou bleſt & feareſt God,
and he ſhall let the ſe
The promyſed Jeruſalem
and hys ſelycptye.

Thou ſhalt thy childers childre ſe,
to thy great ioyes encrease
Full quyetly in Iſrael
to paſſe theyr tyme in peace.

¶ I N I S.

¶ Here end the pſalmes dravvē into Eng
lyſhe metre, by M. Sternholde.

G.ii.

To the Reader.

Thou haste here (gentle Reader)
vnto the Psalmes that were vs
wne into English metre, by M.
Sterneholde. bit. mo adioyned:
Not to the intēt that they shuld
be fathered on the dead man, &
so through his estimation to be the moze high-
ly esteemed: Neyther for that they are in myne
opinion (as touching the metre) in any parte
to be compared with his most exquisite doyn-
ges. But especially so fyll bp a place whyche
els shuld haue bene boyde, that the boke maye
tyle to hys iust volume. And partely so; ꝑ they
are fruteful, al though they be not tyme. And
comfotable vnto a Christian mynd, although
not so pleasaunt in the mouth oz eare. Where-
fore, yf thou (good reader) shalt accepte &
take thys my doynge in good parte
I haue my hartes desyre herein:

Fare well.

C. J. D.

Handwritten notes in the left margin, including the word "miserere" and other illegible text.

C Psalmes of

Dauid in Metre.

Exaltabo te domine. psalm, xxx

The Church that ghostely Israell
Her Lord and God doeth prayse
Whych from the dreade of death and hell
Doeth her defende alwayes.

A laud & prayse w hart & voyce
O Lord I geue to the
Which wilt not see my foes reioyce,
Nor triumphe ouer me.
O Lord my God to the I cryde
In all my payne and grieve
Thou gauest an eare & didst prouide,
To ease me with reliefe.
Of thy good wyl þ hast calde backe,
My soule from hell to saue
Thou doest relieue whē strēgth doth
To kepe me frō the graue. (lack
Sing prayse ye saintes þ proue & see
The goodnes of the Lorde

G.iii.

In

psalmes of dauid

In memory of his maiestie,
Reioyce with one accorde.
For why, his anger but a space,
Doth last and flake agayne:
But yet the fauour of his grace,
For euer doth remayne
Though gripes of grief & pāges full
Do chaunce vs ouernyght (soze
The lord to ioy shal vs restore,
Before the day be lyght
When I enjoyed the world at toyl,
Thus woulde I boast and saye:
Tusse I am sure to feele none yll,
Thys wealth shall not decay.
For thou O lord of thy good grace,
Hads sent me strength and ayde:
But whē thou turndst away thy face
My mynd was soze dysmayde.
Wherefore agayn yet did I crye
To the, O lord of myght
My god with plaintes I dyd apply
And prayde both daye and nyght
What gayne is in my blood sayd I,
Yt

In Metre.

Yf death destroy my dayes
Doth dust declare his maiestie,
O yet thy truth doth prayse:
Wherfore my god some pitie take,
O lord I the despyre
Do not thys symple soule forsake,
Of helpe I the requyre.
Than didst þu turne my gryef & woe,
Unto a chereful voyce
The mourning weede þu tokest me fro
And madest me to reioyce
Wherfore my soule vncessauntly,
Shall syng vnto thy prayse:
My lord my God to the wyl I,
Geue laude and thankes alwaies.

Exultate iusti. psal. xxxiii,

To prayse the lord with thyng ought,
Which are accept through fayth:
God by hys word eche thyng hath wrought,
Al mans defence decaryth.

G.iiii.

Pe

Ye righteous in the lord reioyce
 It is a semely syght
 That bryght me w thākeful voyce
 Shuld prayse the god of might.
 Prayse ye the lord with harp & song
 In psalmes & pleasānt thinges,
 With lute and instrument among
 That soundeth of ten stringes.
 Syng to the lord a song most newe
 With courage geue him prayse
 For why his worde is euer true,
 His workes and al his wayes.
 To iudgement, equitie, and ryght
 He hath a great good wyll
 And with his giftes he doth delight
 The earth thzoughout to fyll.
 For by the worde of God alone,
 The heauens al were wzought,
 Theyr hostes & powers euerychone,
 His breath to passe hath bzought
 The waters great gathered hath he
 On heapes within the shore
 And hyd them in the depth to be

In metre

As in an house of store

All men on earth both least and most

Feare ye the Lorde hys lawe

Ye that inhabite in eche coste

Dreade him and stand in awe,

What he comāded wrought it was

At once with present spede

What he doth wil is brought to pas

With ful effect in dede (se

The counsels of the nations rude

The lord doth dzyue to nought

He doeth defeate the multitude,

Of their deuyle and thought.

But hys decrees contynue styll

They neuer slacke oz swage

The motions of his mynd and wyll,

Take place in euery age.

O blest are they to whom the lord

A God and gyde is knowen

Whō he doth chose of mere accorde

To take them as hys owne.

The lord from heauen cast his sight

On men mortall by byrth

Consy-

Psalmes of dauid

Considering from his seat of might
The dwellers on the earth.

The lord I say, whose hand hath wrought
Mans hearte, & doth it frame (ught
For he alone doth know y thought,
And working of the same,

A kyng that trusteth in hys host,
Shal nought preuaile at length:

The man y of hys myght doth boast,
Shal fal for al hys strength

The heapes of horsenē eke shal faile
Theyr sturdy stedes shal sterue:

The strength of horse shal not preuaile
The ryder to preserve (le

But lo, the eyes of god intend,
And watche to ayde the iust:

With such as feare hym to offend,
And on his goodnes trust.

That he of death and al dystresse
May set theyr soules from drede

And yf that dearth the land oppresse
In hunger them to fede.

Wherefore our soule doth styl depend
On

In metre

On god our strength and stay
He is the shielde vs to defend
And dryue all dartes away.
Our soule in god hath ioy and game
Reioysyng in hys myght:
For why, in his most holy name
We hope and moch delyght
Therfore let thy goodnes, O lord,
Styl present wyth vs be:
As we alwayes wyth one accord:
Doe onely trust in the.

Quem admodum desiderat. psal. xlii.

The faythful soule afflicted here,
Do sygh, complayne and crye:
Unto the lord for to draw nere,
Whom wycked men desyre.

Lyke as y hart doth breath & bra
The welspziges to obtain (ye
So doth my soule desyre alway,
Wyth the lord to remayne.
My soule doth thyrst & wolde draw
The liuing god of might (neare
D

O when shal I come and appeare,
 In presence of hys syght.
 The teares al tymes are my repast
 Which from mine eyes do syde
 When wicked men crye out so fast
 Wher now is god thy gyde:
 For comfort this I call to mynde
 And stretche my strength abroad,
 That wyth the holy I shall fynd
 Health in the house of God.
 Enioying with a ioyfull voyce
 There full quyet and reste
 As wyth a sort that do reioyce,
 And celebrate a feaste.
 My soule why art thou sad & soure,
 Why troublest me so sore?
 Trust in the lord & prayse his power
 That doth thy health restore.
 When that my soule in me, O Lord,
 Doeth faynt, I thincke vpon
 The land of Iordane, and record,
 The lyttle hyll Hermon.
 One grief another in doeth call,

In metre

As cloudes burst out theyr voyce
The floudes of euyls that do fall
Runne ouer me wyth noyse
But yet the Lord of hys goodnes,
Doeth helpe at all assaies
Wherfore eche night I wil not ceasse
The lyuing god to prayse
I am perswaded thus to saye,
To hym wyth pure pretence
O lord thou art my gyde and staye
My rocke and my defence
Why do I then in pensiefenes
Hanging the head thus walke
While that mine enemies me oppres
And bere me wyth theyr talke?
For whi, thei pearse mine iward part
With pāges to be abhorde (tes
Whē thei crie out w stubberne hartes
Where is thy god thy lord?
So sone why doest þe faynt & quayle
My soule with paynes opprest?
With thoughtes whi dost thy self as-
So soze within my brest (saile
Truste

Trust in the lord thy god alwayes
And thou the tyme shalt se
To geue hym thaks w laud & praise
For health restorede to the.
Quid gloriaris. psal. lii.

The wycked that the lord despyse,
And trust in worldly strength:
Wyth such as ble discepte and lyes,
Shalbe destroyde at length.

Why dost þe Tyrant boast abroad
Thy wycked workes to prayse
Dost thou not know ther is a god
Whose strength doth last alwayes
Why doth thy mind yet styl deuysse,
Such wicked wiles to warpe:
Thy tōgue vnttrue in forgeing lyes
Is lyke a rasour sharpe.
On mischief why dost set thy mynde
And wylt not walke vpryght
Thou hast more lust false tales to fynde
Than bring the trueth to lyght
Thou dost delyte in fraude & gyle

In metre

In craft, disceite and wzong:

Thi lippes haue learnde þ flatterig
O false dysceytful tongue. (stile

Therfore shal god thi strēgth cōfōūd
And plucke the from thy place

Thy sede & rootes frō of the ground
At once he shall deface

The iust when they behold thy fall
Wyth feare wyl prayse the lord

And in reproche of the wythshal
Crye out in one accorde.

Behold the mā which wold not take
The lord for hys defence

But of his goodes his god did make
And trust hys owne pretence

But I am oliue freshe and grene
Shal spring and sprede abroade

For why, my trust al times hath ben
Upon the luyng God.

For this therfore wyl I geue praise
To hym wyth hart and voyce

I wyl set forth his name alwayes,
Wherin hys sayntes reioyce

Deus

psalmes of Dauid
Deus venerant, psal. lxxix

There are set forth the sore assaults
That wycked men inuent
agaist gods church. which sheweth her faultes
And doeth to hym lament.

O Lord the Gentyls do inuade
Thine heritage to spoyle
Jerusalem an heape is made
Thy temple they defoyle
The bodies of thy sayntes most deu
Abroade to byrdes they cast
The fleshe of such as do the feare
The beastes deuoure and waste.
Theyr bloud throughout Ierusalem
As water spylt they haue
So that there is not one of them
To laye theyr dead in graue
Thus are we made a laughing stock
All most the world throughtoute
The enemies at vs iest and mocke
Whych dwel our coastes about
Wilt thou O lord, thus in thyne
Again Re

Almetre.

Agaynst vs euer tume?

And shewe thy wzath as hote as fyze

Thy folke for to consume?

Vpon those people poure the same

Whych dyd the neuer knowe

All soch as call not on thy name,

Consume and ouerthrow.

For they haue gotte the vpper hand,

And Jacobs sede destroyde

His habitation and hys lande

By them is soze anoyde.

Beare not in mind our former faultes

Wyth spede soine pytye shoue.

And ayde vs Lorde in all assaultes,

For we are weake and lowe.

O God that geuest al helth & grace,

On vs declare the same

Way not our works, our sinnes defa.

For honour of thy name. (ce

Why, shal the wicked styll alway,

To vs as people dumme

In thy reproche reioyce and sape,

Where is they? God becommen?

Requyre O lord, as thou seest good,

H.i.

Before

Before our eyes in syght
 Of all these folke thy seruantes blou
 Which they spyt in despyght
 Reseue into thy syght in hast
 The clamours grieve & wronge
 Of such as are in pryson caste
 Sustayninge prynces stronge
 Thy force and strength to celebrate
 Lorde set them out of bande
 Which vnto death are destinate
 And in theyr enemies hande
 The naciōs which haue ben so bol
 As to blaspheme thy name
 Into theyr lappes with seuen fold
 Repaye agayne the same
 So we thy folke thy pasture thepe
 Wyl prayse the euermore
 And teache all ages for to kepe
 For the lyke prayse in store.

Deus stetit. psal. lxxxii,

¶ God doeth rebuke the worldly wyse,
 And tell them all theyr due
 To suche as wyl bys wordes despyse
 He sheweth what shal ensue.

Am